FACTION
DISPLAY'D.
A
POEM.

——— Sed non Authore Furoris
Sublato cecidit rabies——— Lucan.

Nec ſit Poema ſale facetiiſque confertum,
Sit potius Moratum, & Nervoſum.
Scal.

From a Correct COPY.

LONDON: Printed in the YEAR 1704.

A Counterfeited Edition is lately Publiſhed, it may be diſcovered by ing Printed in Old Letter, hardly legible, and full of Errors, no ines over *To the Reader*; and particularly in Page 18, after Line 9. e Verſe run ſo into another as makes it Nonſenſe.

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TO

The Concealed

AUTHOR of this Excellent

POEM.

WHen *Dryden's* Tuneful Celebrated Muſe
Did God-like *David* for her Subject Chooſe,
She ſoar'd above her known and common Height,
To Heav'n ſhe rais'd her Voice, to Heav'n ſhe took her flight.
Such is your Muſe's Subject, ſuch her Tongue,
Witneſs this Polish'd and Melodious Song:
Where the ſame Majeſty of Verſe;
The ſame juſt ſtile, the ſame deep Senſe appears.
No Jeſts nor Puns deform the ſtudied page,
But all is Manly Thought and Noble Rage;
But all along the mighty Genius ſhines,
Informs and animates the ſacred Lines.
Not Heav'nly *Horace* more correctly writ,
Tho' to refine his Senſe united met,
The Critick's Judgment, and the Poet's Wit.

C. D.

242 41
'80 .. 74 14

To the Unknown AUTHOR *of the Incomparable* POEM,

FACTION DISPLAY'D.

O Matchleſs Genius! Whoſe Exalted Lays
Tranſcend my humble and unequal Praiſe.
Not fam'd *Apelles* Pencil could expreſs
The Beauteous Heav'n of *Cytherea's* Face;
Nor any Art your Muſe's Image draw,
Who what ſhe is, like Light, her ſelf can only ſhow.

Let other Poets, in untuneful Verſe,
Or *Delia's*, or *Lardella's* Charms rehearſe;
Let Songs and Sonnets be their humble Choice,
Let them conform their Subjects to their Voice.
But your refin'd, your more extended Thought
(With Judgment, Wit, Experience, Learning fraught)
Purſues a Loftier Theme, a Nobler Height,
And Fathoms all the Secrets of the State;
Diſplays the *Wily Arts* of Human-Kind,
How *Faction ſowrs the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind.*

Strong and Majeſtick does your Stile appear,
Your Notions weighty, your Reflections clear.
With niceſt Art, you turn each Poliſh'd Line,
To make your Darling *Celſus* in full Luſtre ſhine.
But oh! In what a moving Strain you Mourn
O're the belov'd *Marcellus* ſacred Urn,
Mingling the ſweeteſt Joy with the ſevereſt Grief,
Like the fam'd Spear, at once you Wound, at once Relieve.

'Twas Harmony (as Learned Antients thought)
The *Nat'ral World* to *Form* and *Order* brought;
And may your Heav'nly ever Tuneful Lays,
(Make all our Factions, our Diviſions ceaſe)
Charm and Compoſe the *Moral World* to Peace.

H. B.

TO THE

READER.

'Tis the Criticks Objection to Lucan, *that his Poem is too Historical; but it must be said in his Defence, that tho' for that Reason he may perhaps delight less; yet he certainly Instructs more, which is the better End of Poetry. We have a more distinct Idea of the Characters of* Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, *and* Brutus, *in him, than we have of* Augustus (*under the Person of* Æneas) *in* Virgil. *We have Truth and Nakedness in one; Fiction and Embellishment in the other. The same Fault (I beg Pardon for the Allusion) will probably be found with this Paper of Verses: But I have this to say for my self, that tho' I may fall as far short of some of the* Whig-Writers *in Poetry, as* Lucan *does of* Virgil, *yet I have outdone them as much in Sincerity. For I have not form'd an Imaginary Poetical Design, but described a real one: Such a one as is now actually carrying on by the restless and turbulent Spirits of some Men, even in the very Place where I have laid the Scene.*

If then what I have said be true, and the Sense of the honest Part of the Kingdom, the Reader cannot think any Liberty I have taken Reflecting at Scandalous; for Truth is never so, tho' it may be sometimes Unseasonable. But he must own that I have acquitted the Duty of a good Subject, in endeavouring to lay open the Enemies of our Constitution. A Constitution whose Government is Projected upon a more refined Polity, and experienced Wisdom, than any in the World. Other Countries labour under the Bondage of Arbitrary Princes, or more Arbitrary Commonwealths. But here the Prerogative of the King, and the Liberty of the Subject are a mutual Barrier to each other; and it is not the Fault of our Constitution, that we are not the Envy, as well as the Terror of our Neighbour Nations. But Faction is of the growth of our Soil; and what some Philosophers have affirmed of the Frame of the Universe, that it subsists by the constant Jarring of the Elements, and that there is a perpetual Warfare in Nature, may properly be said of the present State of England. *For it is Compounded of so many obstinate Sectaries and inveterate Parties, that they are no more to be Reconcil'd than the differing Principles in Nature, and are like to continue their Disputes too to the End of the World.*

Nothing contributes more to the Fomenting these Civil Embroilments, than a Sett of Mercenary Writers, *who, like* Swiss-Soldiers, *are always ready to fight on the Side that pays best. And as none has labour'd more, so none is more Scandalous, than a certain* Doctor, *who after having Scribled himself, and that simple Wretch his Son, into Preferment, has lately appear'd in his proper Colours, and unsaid what he formerly urg'd with so much Vehemence and pretended zeal for his Country's Good.* Trimming *was then an Abomination to him, and one would hardly have thought that* Tom Double *had been his own Character: but we now plainly see what his Aim was. This* Cerberus *resolved to continue Barking, till His Mouth was stopped with some* Delicious Morsel, *which has at last happily compos'd his Fury into Peace and* Moderation. *We are like to be well instructed indeed, when such Men as these pretend to give us Schemes of Morality and Government, when they undertake to direct our Principles, and guide our Consciences. Sure he has a very contemptible Opinion of Mankind, or a very great one of himself, to imagine, that because he was Read with Pleasure, when he fell in with the Peoples just Resentments of the Proceedings of a Devouring Ministry; that he can therefore impose his own shuffling, inconsistent, unintelligible Politicks upon them. What was Reason and Justice then, will be so still in spight of all the Poor Arguments he can bring to the contrary, and if he had had the least degree of Modesty, he would either have pursued his former Notions, or have been silent.*

But such a Cause could expect no better an Advocate, and those who imploy'd him to propose and recommend their Trimming Measures (*which always proceed from Cowardize, or Self-interest*) *have the Mortification to see him receiv'd with that Contempt he deserves from all Parties.*

I wish the Promoters of this new Doctrine of Moderation *have not already put it out of their Power to* Crush *the* Faction, *which they have hitherto so imprudently* Cherished, *and which at last (if I have not* Display'd *it in very false Colours) will certainly* Tear *and Destroy the Government.*

FACTION
DISPLAY'D.

SAY, Goddess Muse, for thy All-searching Eyes
Can Traytors trace thro' ev'ry dark Disguise,
Can penetrate Intriguing Statesmen's Hearts,
Their deepest Plots, and all their wily Arts,
Say, how a Fierce *Cabal* Combin'd of late,
Imploy their anxious Thoughts t' embroil the State;
What angry Pow'r inspires 'em to Complain
In *Anna*'s Gentle and Propitious Reign.

Faction, a restless and repining Fiend,
Curdles their Blood, and gnaws upon their Mind.
Off-spring of *Chaos*, Enemy to *Form*,
By whose destructive Arts the World is torn.
She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And *Jove*'s avenging Thunder to defy.
She rais'd the Hand, that struck the Fatal Blow,
Which *Martyr'd Jove*'s Vicegerent here below;
She still pursues him with relentless Hate,
Arraigns his Mem'ry, and Insults his Fate.

'Tis She, that wou'd for ev'ry slight Offence,
Depose a True Hereditary Prince;
That would *Usurpers* for their Treason Crown,
Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down,
And *Exil'd Monarchs* Reassert their rightful Throne.

No Constitution in the World can boast
A Scheme of Laws more Rational, more Just,
Than *England's* are; where Sov'reign, Kingly sway,
Is *mixt* and qualify'd with such Allay,
That Free-born Subjects willingly Obey.
Nor yet so basely *mixt*, as that our Kings
Are only Tools of State, and Pow'rless Things.
For tho', indeed, they can have no Pretence
With *Fundamental Contracts* to *Dispence*,
(For that were Conquest) yet, those Rights maintain'd,
Prerogative is High, and unrestrain'd.
In equal Distance from Extremes we move,
No Tyranny, nor Commonwealth approve.
Nor Tyranny, that Savage Brutal Pow'r,
Which not protects Mankind, but does devour.
Nor Commonwealth, a Monster, *Hydra* State,
Whose many Heads threaten each others Fate,
And load their Body unweildy Weight.
But a Successive Monarchy we own,
With all the Lawful Sanctions of a Crown.

Such was our old Eſtabliſh'd *English* Frame,
Which might have flouriſh'd Ages yet the ſame,
But for this Envious Fiend; who ſtill prepares
To ſow the Seeds of long Inteſtine Wars.

Near the Imperial Palace's Remains,
Where nothing now but Deſolation reigns;
(Fatal Preſage of Monarchy's decline,
And Extirpation of the Regal Line!)
There ſtands an Antique Venerable Pile,
Whoſe Lords were once the Glories of our Iſle:
But now it Mourns that Race of Hero's dead,
And droops, and hangs its Melancholy Head.
This Pile (howe'er for baſer Ends deſign'd,
An Emblem of the Noble Founder's Mind)
Is *Faction's* Refuge; where ſhe keeps her Court,
Where all her darling Votaries Reſort.
Here, when their *glorious* N——— fell, they met
On new Reſolves and Meaſures to Debate.

Say then, my Muſe, their ſecret Thoughts diſplay,
Expoſe their dark Deſigns to open Day.

This Grand *Cabal* was held at dead of Night,
(For Ghoſts and Furies always ſhun the Light)
Deſpair, and Rage, and Sorrow kept 'em dumb,
Till *More* roſe (the Maſter of the Dome)
A Stamm'ring, Hot, Conceited, Laughing L———,
Who prov'd his want of Senſe in ev'ry word,

When hissing thus, his Fetter'd Tongue broke loose;
'I take it as an Honour that you've Chose
'For this Debate, your humble Servant's House.
'The House henceforward shall Recorded stand,
'As the *Palladium* of the sinking Land;
'And I to future Ages be renown'd,
'The *Party's* Bulwark, and the Nation's Mound.
'Now *N*—, —, the immortal *M*—k's gone,
'We justly his unlucky Fate Bemoan.
'O that I could restore his Life again!
'For who can bear a Woman's Servile Chain?
Full of such Stuff, he would have given in vain,
But that black Fate's Fiercer Fiat did prevent
A *Scotch*, Seditious, Unbelieving Priest,
The Brawny Chaplain of the *Caledonian Host*;
Who, first his Patron, then his Prince Betray'd,
And does that Church he's Sworn to guard, Invade.
Warm with Rebellious Rage, he thus began;
'To talk of calling Life again is vain.
'Peace to the *Glorious* dead. We justly mourn
'His Ashes, ever Sacred be his Urn:
'But here, my L—, we are together met,
'To vow to *A*—'s Sceptre endless Hate.
'For since my hope of *P*—*w* is expir'd,
'With just Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
'I'll write, and talk, and preach her Pride down,
'My thund'ring Voice shall make her in the Throne:
'Do you the Sword, and I'll engage the Gown.

A Pauſe enſu'd, till *Pantaloon's* Grace,
Was pleas'd to rear his Huge unwieldy Maſs;
A Maſs unanimated with a Soul,
Or elſe he'd ne're be made ſo vile a Tool;
He'd ne're his Apoſtolick Charge Prophane,
And *Atheiſts*, and * *Fanaticks* Cauſe maintain.
At length, as from the Hollow of an Oak,
The Bulky Primate Yawn'd, and Silence broke.

'I much approve my Brother's Zealous Heat,
'Such is the Noble Ardour of the Great,
'On which Succeſs and Praiſe will ever wait.
'But I'm untaught in Politician's Schools,
'Unpractic'd in their Arts and ſtudied Rules;
'By which they make the Wiſeſt of us Fools.
'The Task be therefore yours, to Forge ſome Plot,
'And I'll be Ready with my truſty Vote,
'Nor e're give your Commands a Second Thought.
'Tho' I were Mute, you muſt confeſs I've Stood,
'Fixt as a Rock, amidſt the beating Flood.
'Witneſs St. *A——ph's*, and St. *D——s* Cauſe,
'Where obſtinately I tranſgreſs'd the Laws,
'And did in either Caſe Injuſtice ſhow,
'Here ſav'd a Friend, there Triumph'd o're a Foe.

Then old *Mathew* ſhook his Silver Hairs,
Loaded with Learning, Prophecy, and Years,
Whom Factious Zeal to fierce *Unchriſtian* Strife,
Had hurry'd in the laſt Extream of Life.

Strange

'Strange Dotage! thus to Sacrifice his Ease,
When Nature whispers Men to Crown their days
With sweet Retirement and Religious Peace!
Fore-knowledge struggled in his heaving Breast,
E're he in these dark Tombs his Feats express'd.
'The Stars row'l adverse, and malignant shine,
'Some dire Portent! Some Comet I divine!
'I plainly in the *Revelations* find,
'That *H*——— to the *Beast* will be inclin'd.
'Howe're, tho' She and all her Senate frown,
'I'll wage eternal War with P———*ton*,
'And venture Life and Fame to pull him down.
As he went on, his Tongue a trembling seis'd,
And all his Pow'r and Utterance suppress'd.
So when the *Sibyl* felt th' Inspiring God,
She raving lost her Voice, and Speechless stood.

Unhappy Church, by such Usurpers sway'd!
How is thy Prim'tive Purity decay'd?
How are thy Prelates chang'd from what they were,
When *Laud* or *Sancroft* fill'd the Sacred Chair?
Laud, tho' with some traduc'd, with Zeal adorn'd,
Whilst *Patriarchs* is despis'd and Scorn'd,
Shall be by me for ever Prais'd, for ever Mourn'd.
Sancroft's unblemish'd Life, divinely Pure,
In its own heav'nly Innocence Secure,
The teeth of Time, the blasts of Envy shall endure.

When

When for th' Eſtabliſh'd Faith they ſhould contend,
Meekneſs and Chriſtian Charity pretend;
But with a blind and unbecoming Rage,
For *Schiſm* and *Toleration* they engage;
With ſtrange Delight and Eagerneſs eſpouſe
Occaſional Conformiſts ſhameful Cauſe;
Oppreſs thy Friends, and Vindicate thy Foes.
Thy guardian Laws to weaken they Combine,
And tamely thy Eſſential Rights reſign.
Thy antient Truths with Modern Gloſſes blend,
Deſtroying the Religion they would mend.

So have they broke thy Pale and Fences down,
Such Arts have Chriſtianity o'rethrown:
For *Scepticiſm*, that now triumphant reigns,
Condemns her Captive to inglorious Chains,
Where She Forlorn, Contemn'd, Deſpairing lies,
Nor hopes a Refuge, but her Native Skies.

But Muſe proceed, nor dwell on Thoughts too long,
That would Inflame thy Satyrizing Song.
Clodio with kindling Emulation heard,
What this Triumvirate of Prieſts declar'd.
Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel Race,
Uncheck'd by Fear, unhumbled by Diſgrace;
Whoſe Working, Turbulent, Fanatick Mind
No Tenderneſs can move, no Ties can bind.
To gain a *Rake* he'll Drink, and Whore, and Rant,
T' engage a Puritan will Pray and Cant.

So

So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear,
Or Radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness wear.
Thrice he Blaſpheni'd, and thrice he frantick Swore
By ev'ry Terrible Infernal Pow'r;
Then wav'd his Staff, and ſaid:
'Tho' *N*——'s Death has all our Meaſures broke,
'Yet never will we bend to *A*——'s Yoke.
'The glorious *Revolution* was in vain,
'If Monarchy once more its Rights regain.
'Let all be Chaos, and Confuſion all,
'E're that damn'd Form of Government prevail.
'O had he liv'd to Perfect his Deſign,
'We ne're had been Subjected to her Reign,
'But rooted out the *S*——*rs* hated Line
'Howe're, ſince Fate has otherwiſe decreed,
'We may on his unfiniſh'd Scheme proceed.
'We may 'gainſt Pow'rs repos'd in One inveigh,
'And call all Monarchy Tyrannick Sway.
'VVe may the Praiſes of the *Dutch* advance,
'Rail at the Arbitrary Rule of *France*,
'Extol the Commonwealth in *Adria*'s Flood,
'VVhich for ten rowling Centuries has ſtood.
'Argue how th' *Roman*, and *Athenian* State
'Were only when Republicks truly Great.
'Tis eaſy the Unreaſoning Mob to guide,
'For they are always on the Factious ſide.
'This labour'd here, 'twill be our next Reſort,
'To Manage and Cajole *S*——'s Court.

Volant

'*Toland* alone for ſuch a work is fit,
'In all the Arts of Villany Compleat.
'The *Scotch*, a Rough Revolting, Stubborn Kind,
'Have long at *England*'s growing Pow'r repin'd.
'Nor need we, with unneceſſary Care,
'Endeavour to foment Religion there.
'For ſcarce our *N*——'s Empire they endur'd,
'Tho' he their antient Liberties reſtor'd,
'And murm'ring now they ask a foreign Lord.
'But (Health ſuppos'd to * *Ireland* I'll repair,
'And right or wrong Uſurp the Common's Chair;
'That Point once gain'd, we'll ſoon ſecure our Cauſe,
'Soon undermine our hot-brain'd towring Foes.
'At leaſt I'll ſubſtitute ſome Wealthy Friend,
'Who ſhall with Heat and Arrogance contend
'To thwart the Court in ev'ry juſt Command.
So *Catiline* the Fate of *Rome* deſign'd,
And when h' had form'd the Scheme within his Mind,
In ſuch a warm Harangue his Friends addreſt,
And open'd all the Secret of his Breaſt.
This hit *Sigillo*'s Thoughts, and made him cool,
Tho' juſt before he ſcarcely could Controul
The ſtormy Paſſion ſwelling in his Soul;
His reſtleſs Soul, that rends his ſickly Frame,
Worn with a poyſ'nous and corroding Flame.
An unjuſt J——e, and blemiſh of the M—,
Witneſs the *Bankers* long depending Caſe.

* This Project was once Talk'd of.

A ſhallow Stateſman, tho' of mighty Fame,
For who can e're that curſt *Par——on* name,
But to his foul Diſgrace, and to his Shame?
Beſides, in ſpight of all his loud Defence,
He ſhew'd a want of Honeſty or Senſe,
In paſſing ev'ry Plund'ring Coutier's *Grants*.
He is (for Satyr dares the Truth declare)
Deiſt, Republican, Adulterer.
Thus his lov'd *Clodio*, for his Speech he prais'd,
And Joy and Wonder in the Hearers rais'd.
'There ſpoke the Guardian Genius of our Cauſe,
'Whoſe ev'ry word deſerves divine Applauſe.
'Not ev'n *Cethego*'s ſelf could form a Plot,
'More nicely Spun, more exquiſitely wrought.
'Tho' he, to his immortal envied Fame,
'The Glory of the Revolution claim.
'Twas his profound unfathomable Wit,
'Did *James* and all his *Jeſuit-train* defeat.
'He knew Reveal'd Religion was a Jeſt,
'Impos'd upon the World by ſome deſigning Prieſt.
'Nor therefore fear'd, but to their Idols Bow'd,
'Prevaricating with his King, his God.
'A *Proteus*, ever acting in Diſguiſe,
'A finiſh'd Stateſman, Intricately Wiſe,
'A ſecond *Machiavel*, who ſoar'd above
'The little Tyes of Gratitude and Love;

* The Perſon here Repreſented, was living at the time of this Cabal.

'Whoſe

'Whose harden'd Conſcience never felt Remorſe,
'Reflection is the Puny Sinner's Curſe.
'But why ſhould I *Cethego*'s Praiſe purſue,
'When all his Vertues, *Clodio*, ſhine in you.
'You can another *Revolution* frame,
'The ſame your Principle, your Skill the ſame.
'Whilſt then the wav'ring *Iriſh* are your Carf,
'Believe we'll uſe our utmoſt Efforts here,
'Nor Time, nor Pains, nor Health, nor Money ſpare.
'*Cethego* in your Abſence ſhall preſide
'O're our Debates, and ev'ry Conſult guide.
'Like the Supream directing Hand of *Jove*,
'Shall act unſeen, and all around him move.
'I, as the Moderator of the Laws,
'Will find a way to ſanctify our Cauſe,
'Will prove, in *Paſſive Jacobites* deſpight,
'Rebellion is a Freeborn Peoples Right.
'Then as we take our Circuits thro' the Land,
'We'll mould the Stern Freeholders to our Hand;
'Awe their Elections, and their Votes command.
'When with our faithful City Friends we Dine,
'We'll mingle Treaſon with the flowing Wine.
'We'll plant in ev'ry Coffeehouſe a Spy,
'That boldly ſhall the Miniſtry decry;
'Shall Praiſe the paſt, the preſent Reign Condemn,
'And all their Meaſures, all their Councils Blame.
'Shall ſpread a thouſand idle, groundleſs Tales,
'Of foreign Gold, the Pope, and P——ce of *W*——;

'Shall never fail Objections ſtill to raiſe,
'(Whatever is tranſacted with Succeſs)
'And turn their greateſt Honour to Diſgrace.
'This Chimick Art, perverting Nature's Law,
'From ſweeteſt Things will rankeſt Poyſons draw.
Narciſſo next, Magnificently Gay,
Smil'd his Aſſent, but not a word would ſay.
He fear'd to ſtrain his Voice by Talking loud,
Nor was his Quail-pipe made for ſuch a Crowd.
A batter'd Beau, yet youthful in Decay,
Who Dreſſes Whores, and Games his Time away.
Fond of Sedition, but indulging Vice
With all that Wealth, profuſely ſpent, ſupplies.
And yet this Debauchee pretends to claim
An injur'd Patriot's Meritorious Name.
Then ſqueal'd *Orlando*, but his furious Heat,
Shew'd him for cool mature Debates unfit,
Nor will we hear the Bluſt'ring Speech repeat.
A Bully L—, whoſe wild mad Looks proclaim
His Boſom warm'd with more than Heroe's Flame.
Fighting and Railing are his Chief Delight,
Promiſcuouſly oppoſing wrong and right,
What e're he does is always in Extreams,
Sometimes the *Whig*, ſometimes the *Tory* damns.
His various Temper and impetuous Mind,
To ev'ry Party is by Starts inclin'd.
He never was, nor e're will be Content
With any Prince, with any Government.

Laſt roſe *Bathilla*, deck'd with borrow'd Bays,
Renown'd for others Projects, others Lays,
A gay, pragmaticical, pretending Tool,
Opinionately wiſe, and pertly dull.
A Demy Stateſman, Talkative and Loud,
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Geſture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Aſſociates vainly he beſpoke.
'Do you perform the Politician's Part,
'I'll bring th' Aſſiſtance of the Muſes Art.
'The Poets Tribe are all at my Devoir,
'And write as I Command, as I inſpire.
'*C—g—ve* for me *Paſtora*'s Death did Mourn,
'*And her white Name with Sable Verſe Adorn.*
'*R*— too is mine, and of the *Whiggiſh* Train,
'*T*was he that Sung immortal *Tamerlane*,
'Tho' now he dwindles to an * humbler Strain.
'I help'd to Poliſh G—*th*'s rough awkward Lays,
'Taught him in Tuneful Lines to Sound our Party's praiſe
'*W—ſh* Votes with us, who, tho' he never writ,
'Yet paſſes for a Critick and a Wit.
'*Van*'s Bawdy, Plotleſs Plays were once our Boaſt,
'But now the Poet's in the Builder loſt.
'On *A——ſon* we ſafely may depend,
'A Penſion never fails to gain a Friend,
'Thro' *Alpine hills* he ſhall my Name reſound,
'And make his Patron known in *Claſſick Ground.*

* The *Fair Penitent.*

Theſe

'These pay the Tribute to my Merit due,
'Call me their *Horace*, and *Mecænas* too.
'Princes but sit unsettled on their Thrones,
'Unless supported by *Apollo*'s Sons.
'*Augustus* had the *Mantuan*, and *Venusian* Muse,
'And happier *N*——— had his *M*———*gues*.
'But *A*——, that Ill-fated Tory Queen,
'Shall feel the Vengeance of the Poet's Pen.

Triton, who like the vast *Leviathan*,
Long wallow'd in the Treasures of the Main,
Was all Attention, and suspended hung,
For ev'ry Rebelheart has not a Tongue.
Besides, there stood a Num'rous Train of P—,
Below the Notice of Recording Verse.
Beaus, Biters, Pathicks, B———rs and Cits,
Tosters, Kit-Kats, Divines, Buffoons and Wits
Compos'd the Medly Crew; but I forbear
To give 'em any Place, or Mention here.
For since the Muse would Blush to paint their Crimes,
Let Decency restrain th' Invective Rhimes.

When thus their Chiefs had spoke, thro' all the *Throng*
Repeated Peals of Acclamations rung.
Not antient *Demagogues*, with more Applause,
Asserted, and Espous'd the Rabble's Cause.

Now

Now the Aſſembly to adjourn prepar'd,
When *Bibliopolo* from behind appear'd,
As well deſcrib'd by th' old Satyrick Bard;
With leering Looks, Bullfac'd, and Freckled fair,
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair,
With Frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air.
Sweating and Puffing for a while he ſtood,
And then broke forth in this Inſulting Mood.
'I am the Touchſtone of all Modern Wit,
'Without my Stamp in vain your Poets write.
'Thoſe only purchaſe everliving Fame,
'That in my Miſcellany plant their Name.
'Nor therefore think that I can bring no Aid,
'Becauſe I follow a Mechanick Trade,
'I'll print your Pamphlets, and your Rumours ſpread
'I am the Founder of your lov'd *Kit-Kat*,
'A Club that gave Direction to the State.
'Twas there we firſt inſtructed all our Youth,
'To talk Prophane and Laugh at Sacred Truth.
'We taught them how to Toſt, and Rhime, and Bite,
'To Sleep away the Day, and drink away the Night.
Some this Fantaſtick Speech approv'd, ſome Sneer'd,
The wight grew Cholerick, and diſappear'd.

Mean time the Fury ſmil'd, who all this while
Sat hov'ring on the Summet of the Pile.
A ſecret and exulting Joy ſhe finds,
To ſee her Influence brooding on their Minds;

And

And the bare proſpect of ſuch Noble Ills
Her thoughts with raptrous Speculations fills.
Then She——

'With what delight do I my Sons behold,
'So reſolutely Brave, ſo fiercely Bold.
'Sure nothing can reſiſt their boundleſs Courſe,
'Nothing ſubdue their well united Force.
'*Volpone*, who will ſolely now Command
'The Publick Purſe, and T—ſ—e of the Land,
'Wants Conſtancy and Courage to oppoſe
'A Band of ſuch exaſperated Foes.
'For how ſhould he, that moves by Craft and Fear,
'Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare?
'What did he e're in all his Life perform,
'But ſhrunk at the approach of ev'ry Storm;
'But when the tott'ring Church his aid requir'd,
'With *Moderation-Principles* inſpir'd,
'Forſook his Friends, and decently Retir'd.
'Nor has he any real juſt Pretence
'To that vaſt Depth of Politicks and Senſe.
'For where's the Depth, when Publick Credit's high,
'To manage an o'reflowing T—ſ—y?
'Or where the Senſe to know the Tricks of Game,
'Since *S—ms, Str—mes*, and *H—ll—way* may claim
'A Knowledge as profound as his, as loud a Fame?
'I fear the Man, who dares the Truth aſſert,
'Who never plays the Double-dealing Part;
'The Patriot's Soul diſdains the Trimmer's Art.

Such

'Such *Celsus* is, but I foresee his Fate
'To be supplanted by *Sempronia's* Hate!
'(*Sempronia* of a Lewd *procuring* Race,
'The Senate's Grievance, and the Court's Disgrace.)
'Tis well he cannot long his Ground maintain,
'For Hell wou'd then employ her Fiend in vain.
'He never knew to Prostitute the State,
'Never by being Guilty to be Great.
'Nor yet when publick Storms came rowling on,
'Did he or Danger or his Duty shun.
'*Rome's* subtle Pixells with Sophistry essay'd,
'With Wealth and Honour in the Ballance lay'd,
'To shock his Faith, but nothing could controul
'The firm Resolves of his unbyass'd Soul,
'True to his Conscience, as the Needle to the Pole;
'Ally'd in Blood and Friendship to the Throne,
'He nobly makes his Country's Cause his own;
'Whilst others keep their interest still in view,
'And meaner Spirits meaner ends pursue.
'So the fixt Stars harmoniously compleat
'With the *first Publick Motion* of the Sky,
'Whilst wand'ring Planets oppositely move,
'Within the narrow Orbs of *private* Love.
She stopp'd — for now her Anger gan exhale,
Flush'd in her Cheeks, and sparkl'd in her Eyes.
And well it might a Fury's Passion raise,
That she was forc'd the Worth, she hates, to praise.
The Dawn dispers'd the Crowd, she took her Flight,
To the low Regions of Eternal Night.

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O *England* how revolving is thy State?
How few thy Bleſſings? how ſevere thy Fate?
O deſtin'd Nation, to be thus betray'd
By thoſe, whoſe Duty 'tis to ſerve and aid!
A griping vile degen'rate viper Brood,
That tear thy Vitals, and exhauſt thy Blood.
A varying Kind, that no fixt Rule purſue,
But often form their Principles anew;
Unknowing where to lodge ſupreme Command,
Or in the King, or Peers, or People's hand.
One while the People's Sov'raignty they own,
To vex and load a Peaceful Monarch's Crown;
Who to his Subjects when at length *Reſtor'd*,
Without diſtinction was their common Lord.
What Party elſe to *David*'s happy Throne,
Would have preferr'd a giddy *Abſalon*?
But when a King is mould'd to their Mind,
Then they to him would have all ſway confin'd;
Nor in their own deſpotick boundleſs Reign,
Of Injur'd Rights, and *Property* complain:
Nay with a *Standing Force* thy Sons would awe,
The Subject to Slavery, the Tyrant's Law.
But if nor King nor Commons will comply
With theſe deteſted Acts of Villany,
They ſtrive the Peers declining Pow'r to raiſe,
And get *Impeachments* voted into Praiſe.
Baſe Patriots theſe, who Liberty employ,
T'elude thy Laws, and Liberty deſtroy!

Where

Where is the Noble *Roman* Spirit fled,
Which once inſpir'd thy antient Patriots dead?
Who were above all private Ends, and joy'd,
When bravely for the publick Weal they dy'd:
Who ſpread, like Branching Oaks, their Arms around,
To ſhelter and Protect the Parent Ground;
Tho' Storms of Thunder rattl'd o're their Head,
Yet all was ſafe beneath their Guardian Shade.
Or ſure Hiſtorians on our Faith impoſe,
And never ſuch a Race of Men aroſe;
Or Nodding Nature to a Period draws;
Or Providence, incens'd by Guilty Times,
With-holds his Grace, and dooms us to our Crimes.

Pardon (for Harmony will bring Relief,
Will ſooth thy anxious Cares, and charm thy Grief)
If my Condoling Mournful Muſe Preſume
To Viſit thy *Marcellus* Sacred Tomb.
For his Hereditary Gifts alone
Could have *Retriev'd* thy Fame, and carried down
The Glorious Scene of Triumphs *Anna* has begun.
O may thy Angel Guard her Royal Mind,
That *Fav'rites* nor Seduce, nor *Trimmers* Blind.
For 'tis on Her thy Church and State depend,
With Her will Flouriſh, and with Her will End.
But my ſhok'd Thoughts the ſad Idea ſhun,
(The ſad Idea gives Eternal Moan)

When she shall late, but ah! too soon comply
With Nature, to Adorn her Kindred Sky.
For who can then pretend to wear her Crown?
Who represent the Mother, but the Son?
O! had the Pow'r, that governs humane Fate,
His years extended to a longer Date,
To what transcendence had his Genius sprung,
Which was so Ripe, so Perfect, yet so Young;
But when fresh blooming Youth seem'd to proclaim
The lasting Structure of his Beauteous Frame,
When Health and Vigour with a kind presage,
Promis'd the hoary happiness of Age;
Then with a Momentary swift decay,
Thy Pride, thy darling Hope was snatch'd away.
So, by the Course of the revolving Sphears,
Whene'er a new discover'd Star appears;
Astronomers with Pleasure and Amaze
Upon the Infant Luminary gaze.
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some Blest, some more than common Influence,
But suddenly alas! the fleeting Light
Retiring leaves their Hopes involv'd in endless Night!

FINIS.

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